Brag. A most acute Iuuenall, volable and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is returnd.

Enter *Page* and *Clowne*.

Pag. A wonder Maister, Heers a *Costard* broken in a shin.
Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.
Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee male sir.
O sir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue
sir, but a Plantan.
Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought,
my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardone me, my starres, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for *a salue*?
Pag. Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue*?
A. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin saine.
I will example it.
The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes being but three.
Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.
Pag. I will adde the *lenuoy*, say the morrall againe.
Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Pag. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the oddes by adding foure.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lenuoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you
desire more?
Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let

Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I thats a fat Goose. (begin?
Ar. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument
Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cald you for the *Lenuoy*. (in,
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan, thus came your argument
Then the boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,
and he ended the market.
Ar. But tel me, How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?
Pag. I will tell you sencibly.
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*, I will speake that
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within, (*Lenuoy*.
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.
Clow. O marrie me to one Francis, I smell some *Lenuoy*,
some Goose in this.
Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie.
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained,
captiuated, bound.
Clown. True, true, and now you wilbe my purgation,
and let me loose.
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in
lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this
significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding
my dependants. *Moth*, follow.
Pag. Like the sequell I. Signeur *Costard* adew. *Exit.*
Clow. My sweete ouce of mans flesh, my in-conic Iew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle?
i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? it carries it remuneration: Why? it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne.
I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may
a man

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